

MECHANIC'S



ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE MECHANIC, MUTUAL PROTECTION, AND THE ELEVATION OF LABOR.

JOHN TANNER,]

Late Publisher of the Mechanic's Mirror,

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

A weekly paper devoted to the interests of the Mechanics Mutual Protection, and the Elevation of Labor.

JOHN TANNER, Editor.

THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE will be published every Thursday morning, at No. 24 Commercial Building, corner Broadway and Hudson-st., at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM in advance.

It has now become imperative that the mechanic should have a weekly paper so that he can sit down on Saturday evening, and read the events of the week, the improvements in science, and also refresh his mind with the choice literature of the day. From every quarter, we have been solicited to do so; and the substance of every letter that we have received on the subject, has been, "The Mechanics ought to have a weekly paper of their own."

The MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, will be printed in eight large pages suitable for binding. It will embrace under its separate departments the choicest selections from the best works, original articles from the pens of eminent Mechanics, lists of Inventions, and the most important and stirring news of the week in a correct and condensed form.

We have engaged many of the most distinguished Mechanics in the United States, as Contributors to our columns. It will be emphatically the Mechanic's Advocate and Fireside Companion. From repeated assurances we have no doubt that the Mechanics of our State and Country will give us a hearty and united support. We would therefore ask our friends to interest themselves in our behalf, and the elevation of their fellow craftsmen.

All communications must be addressed to JOHN TANNER, No. 24 Commercial Buildings, Albany.

TAKE NOTICE.—Tanner's Publication Office, has been removed from the Exchange, to No. 24 Commercial Buildings, where he will be happy to receive the calls of his Mechanic friends.

JOHN HARRISON AND FRANCIS MORROW General Travelling Agents.

Songs of Labor.

LABOR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

That I must work I thank thee, God!
I know that hardship, toil and pain,
Like rigorous winter in the sod
Which doth mature the hardy grain,
Call forth in man his noblest powers;—
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And, amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in thy self-respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil!
Yon ermined slave of lineage high,
The game-law lord who owns the soil
Is not so free a man as I!
He wears the fetters of his clan;
Wealth, birth and rank have hedged him in;
I heed but this, that I am MAN,
And to the great in mind akin!

Thank God, that like the mountain-oak,
My lot is with the storms of life;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;
And patience in the daily strife.
The horny hand, the furrowed brow,
Degrade not howe'er sloth may deem;
'Tis this degrades—to cringe and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood,
And for that sad experience
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood;

Which leaves us tears for others' woe!
Brother in toil, respect thyself;
And let thy steadfast virtues show
That man is nobler far than pelf.

Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
Of wealth nor rank; fear only sin,
That blight that mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within!
Give me thy hand, my brother, give
Thy hard and toil-stained hand to me;
We are no dreamers, we shall live
A brighter better day to see!

MAN AND BEAST.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

In the field the Beast feedeth,
And the Bird upon the bough.
Man manly thoughts breedeth;
You may read them on his brow.

There (behind his eyes) are growing
Wonders shortly to be born:
See you not his fancies flowing
Over, like the light of morn.

Sometimes, as a cloud passeth
Through the blue eternal air,
Graver thoughts are seen floating,
Shadowing what is else so fair.

Shadowing? Deepening all the meaning
That doth stream from out his brain,
(Day and night) and soar and traverse
All the worlds of joy and pain.

This is Man's immortal leisure:
You may read it on his brow.
All this time the Beast is feeding,
And the Bird upon the bough.

Select Reading for the People.

UPPER CRUST AND UNDER CRUST.

Society is, as every body knows, composed of two layers or crusts; called the upper crust, and the under crust, and it is also a pretty generally admitted fact, that nearly all the wars and contentions which have taken place for some centuries past, have grown out of the struggles between these two crusts, the under crust leaving no means untried to force itself up to the surface, and the other as industriously striving to maintain the assurance which it has already acquired.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me, that some of our wise ones have not thought it worth their while to write the history of these wars; it would certainly be a subject quite as interesting and much more profitable than the majority of those which usually occupy their attention.

Far back in those ages sometimes called the dark ages—those times known as the *good old times*, the ascendancy of the upper crust seemed to be so well established that no one dared to question his right to the position which he held, or if under crust murmured, it was in a voice so feeble as to pass unheard, or was so easily suppressed as to be considered scarcely deserving notice. Indeed under crust seemed to be convinced that he was of no matter of importance in the world, save as he could be of service to upper crust, that he lived for him, and for him alone; he was informed by him that he, upper crust, was the head, and that under crust was the hands, therefore that upper crust must do all the thinking, and that under crust must do all the work; upper crust must lay all the plans, and under crust execute them, upper crust must make all the laws, and all that under crust had to do was to obey them. Under crust was informed that he did not know how to govern himself, and therefore must submit to be governed into things by upper crust, that he must receive his religion, morals, every thing from him, and

that to think or act for himself would inevitably be his ruin. Under crust was not allowed to make war but he was permitted to fight all the battles, endure all the evils, and defray all the expense. He was not allowed to enjoy the good things of the earth, but he was allowed to produce them for the gratification of upper crust. In one word, under crust was nothing more or less, than the slave of upper crust, who managed for many ages to keep him in a state of almost willing bondage.

How under crust first became awakened to a sense of his own importance does not appear; the light probably dawned on him gradually; but certain it is, that he is awake, and as I remarked before, most of the wars which have agitated the world for some time past have arisen from the attempts of under crust to free himself from the shackles which he has worn for so many ages; and although he is sometimes worsted in the contest, it is evident that he is on the whole the winning party; that every succeeding generation places him a little higher than he was before.

If there be any one thing that distinguishes our own times, from times past, more than another, it is the importance that under crust has acquired in the body politic.

And in our own country in particular his influence has become so overpowering, that we can hardly be said to have any upper crust at all, for what passes for such is so thin, that it is little more than a mere scum which owes its ascendancy to the indulgence of under crust, and is liable to be blown away by him whenever his reason, or caprice, may suggest the propriety of so doing.

Under crust here has discovered that he has a head as well as hands of his own, and that he can do without upper crust much better than upper crust can do without him. In other parts of the world, under crust is gradually coming into notice, in some parts, his progress is very slow, scarcely perceptible, yet a careful observer will I think, perceive that his progress is gradually upward. What will be the end of all this, remains yet to be seen; but judging from the little that appears, it is fair to infer that the bettering of the condition of the mass of the people will be the result.

Upper crust endeavored to signify himself by extending his dominion, and by exacting splendid monuments in commemoration of his achievements, he also strives to build higher, and render stronger, those barriers that separate man from his fellow, and divide society into castes. Under crust on the other hand although sometimes led astray, has generally in view objects whose tendency is the promotion of the public welfare; he endeavors to break down the barriers which separated man and man, and strives to unite the race in the bonds of universal brotherhood.

Such is a brief outline of the war that is waging between these two portions of society. I trust a better and more ample history of it will hereafter be written by some one who has more leisure for the task than your friend—*Crystal Fount.*

WORKING MEN.

The working men hold another meeting to-night at their regular place—the Western Engine House. We are heartily glad to see that the working men are arousing from their lethargy, with a fixed determination of elevating their condition. Too long have they supinely slumbered in the sheep-fold, whilst the wolf assumed the sentinelship over their dearest rights. We hope, however, that the day is past, and that acting as become men, they will adopt such measures as may prove a just rebuke to the purse-proud aristocracy which has so long domineered over them. To the working men our country looks for support and protection in the hour of danger. Let them, therefore, as the pillars of the nation, know and maintain their just rights.—*Cincinnati Evening Welcome.*

HOW THE WORLD MENDED WITH TIMOTHY COSSINGTON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Timothy Cossington was a village tailor; he was a poor man in every sense of the word; and the proverb of there needing nine tailors to make up a man was true enough in his case, for nine such as himself would never have made up such a man as Mr. Giles Heavysides. Mr. Giles, or Farmer Heavysides, as he was called, was a great man in many ways. In person he was as large as one of his own fat bullocks; Timothy was lean and shrivelled as a last year's hemlock stalk by the brook-side. Farmer Heavysides' voice was strong and deep, and came forth from his capricious chest like the bellowing of a bull; he had a deal to say on all occasions, and had a confident, self-satisfied way with him. Timothy had a small, weak, cracked voice, that never seemed able to raise itself above a thin whisper, add to which his timid spirit had so forcible a sense of his own slender gifts, that he shrunk from speaking or putting himself forward in any way. The full, florid complexion, and round, moony face of the farmer, made a strange contrast to the ashy paleness and hollow-cheeked, lanky-haired, shabby sort of face of the poor tailor; but after all, in no one particular was the difference between them so striking as in their limbs. Stout and strong, and in the goodliest proportion, were the legs of Farmer Heavysides. Standing or walking you were sure that his knees would never fail him, and his large, firmly-planted feet presented base sufficient for the support of his ample body. He was truly a well-endowed man in comparison with poor Timothy; he was one of nature's favorite children, whilst Timothy had found her a hard step-mother! Timothy had an unsteady step, and a shuffling sort of gait, which was occasioned by his long, thin, shapeless legs, having an inveterate tendency to turn inward at the knees, so much so, indeed, as almost to wrap one over the other at that joint. Walking was not an easy or pleasant exercise to him at any time, and running was next to an impossibility, especially as any agitation occasioned such a trembling weakness in his legs, that his knees seem to become, as it were, entangled, and threw him down. Poor Timothy! The greatest misfortune that could happen to him, was that his knees should thus entangle, or as he called it "hank," for then his fate was inevitable, down he came, and was the victim of ridicule, if of nothing else.

Fate seemed to have formed the farmer and the tailor as two opposites. The farmer was fat, rich, stern, and the parish overseer; the tailor half-starved, poor, meek, and now and then in need of parish pay. The gruff, loud voice, and overbearing way of the farmer, when the poor went for relief, was but of very little consequence to most of them. They looked upon parish-pay as their right, and they had it regardless of the manner in which it was dealt out to them. But who can describe the fear, the sinking of heart, the feeling that he would as soon die as go for parish relief, in the soul of poor Timothy, when after weeks of hard shift, nothing was left for him but to ask a little relief from the parish! Had he been a lone man, he certainly would have died rather than have asked for aid so hardly dealt out to him; but he had a bed-ridden wife and a sickly daughter, and he could not bear to see them perish before his face, so his trembling heart armed itself with that courage it could command, and his poor shaking knees bore him to the parish committee-room, where he always modestly waited to the very last moment when the burly overseer was out of humor, and wanted to be going, and then he told his story in such a weak, frightened, and confused manner, that the farmer was sure to get into a passion of impatience, and assail him with some expression of contempt or anger. A kind encouraging word would have been the making of Timothy, but kindness and encouragement he did not get. Poor fellow, what humiliation his was! He cried many a time as he went home with the miserable parish dole in his pocket, and wished that he was dead and buried, and vowed that they would all three of them die together, rather than he would again ask for relief. But affection was a strong thing in his heart, and for the sake of his wife and child, he was obliged to subject himself again and again to the same suffering.

The consequence, however, of all this was, that if there was one person in the parish that he feared above another, it was Mr. Giles Heavysides.

"I would as soon meet his big bull as him, any day," said Timothy; and though the direct road to the parish doctor, to whom he was often obliged to go on account of his poor invalids at home, lay past the farmer's house-door, he preferred going half-a-mile round, difficult as walking was to him, rather than run the risk of seeing him.

Gruff and stern, however, as Farmer Heavysides seemed to be, he was not naturally a hard-hearted man.

He assumed, as many a parish-officer does, a cold, unfeeling manner towards the poor, believing that thereby he fulfilled his office more faithfully, inasmuch as he made it no easy or pleasant thing for the poor to apply to him. Besides this, poor Timothy's feeble, irresolute, confused way of telling even the simplest story excited his impatience. He had himself no difficulty about anything, and he could not understand how any man whose cause was honest need have any fear. If the farmer, however, could have looked down into the poor fellow's heart, and have seen its deep, patient affection for his sufferers at home, his own brave stout heart would have honored him; could he have known what he endured rather than apply for relief, he would have been the last man to have added bitterness to his pain; could he have seen the rejoicing there was in the house when a little job of tailoring came in—mending or making—he would have sent for him at once, and ordered him to make him a whole suit of clothes. But the farmer knew nothing of all this, and though he often was sorry afterwards for his harshness and impatience towards him, poor Timothy was sure the very next time to make him sin in the same way again.

But things when they get to the very worst must mend—so it was with Timothy Cossington.

It happened one dull, cold March afternoon, that Timothy was sitting on his board over a little job of tailoring. He was working very hard, for he wished to finish it in daylight, that he might take it home in the evening, more especially as he knew he should be paid then for his work, and he wanted to bring home a few necessaries from the village. He was merry in a small way over his work, and pulled out his needle to the tune of some old song that he was tweedling to himself.

"Put the kettle on, Sally," said the bed-ridden wife to the sickly daughter, "and get father a dish of tea; there's bread enough, may be, for us all to have a snack, and he'll bring a loaf at night."

Sally filled the little tin kettle, and put it on the fire, which she coaxed into a blaze by the help of a few sticks. One blessing of a tin-kettle is that it soon boils. Sally set out three odd cups and saucers on the little round stand, and treacle-pot which was to serve both for sugar and butter—milk was out of the question—and the fragment of the loaf, and now stood with the little brown tea-pot, with a broken spout, in her hand, ready to pour in the water the moment it boiled. Thus she stood, watching the jirking of her father's whole body as he plucked out his needle, when, all unconscious to herself, the corner of her apron caught fire, and before she was aware she was all in a blaze. Her scream made Timothy look up from his work, and the next moment, spite of his poor, weak legs, he was on the floor. The girl, in her terror, rushed to the bed on which her mother lay, and threw herself upon it. Fortunately, the bed was covered with a coarse woollen rug, and this extinguished the flame. Her clothes, however, were all burnt from one side, and her arm and neck sadly scorched.

There was an end of the tea; there was an end of finishing the work that night; there was nothing now to be done but for Timothy to hasten with all his poor speed to the parish doctor for "some burn-salve, or something," to allay the agony of the girl. For this time Timothy did not hesitate about taking the shortest way to the doctor. With misery at his heart, tears chasing each other down his hollow cheeks, and a ten-fold feebleness in his knees, he took the road up the farmer's fields, shambling onwards like a man who dreams of running rather than runs in reality. Scarcely had he reached the middle of the large meadow in which stood the large farm-house, when a sound reached his ears, which, for the moment, drove every other thought from his mind, and that was the low bellowing of the farmer's bull. He turned his head round in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and there, to his inexpressible horror, he beheld the huge monster coming on at a sure pace, with low bellowings, and his head to the ground. Timothy felt as if he should die; a little prayer, dictated by terror, was in his heart, and he made every effort to get forward.

The large red-faced farmer was sitting all this time in the porch of his house, within ten yards of the path by which the tailor must go. There was a pipe in his mouth, and a mug of ale before him on a round table, and the newspaper which he had been reading in one hand. Nothing could be more comfortable, body and mind, than the farmer at that moment; his ale was good, his pipe was good, and he had seen nothing in the newspaper to disturb his equanimity. He was sitting there in a sort of pleasant reverie, when the sound of the bull reached his ears. That, however, did not trouble him, for he did not consider the bull dangerous, when all at once the feeble terrified figure of poor Timothy hove in sight. As Timothy had approached

the house, he had the power left for just one thought—what if he should see Farmer Heavysides!

The farmer, seeing Timothy, started from his seat, and cried, "Whither away so fast, Timothy?" But Timothy, in the height of his terror, kept wildly struggling on, and exclaiming to himself, "the bull! the bull! Pray, God, my knees mayn't hank!"

At the sight of the tailor's frenzied terror, the farmer dashed forward, and seizing him by the collar, cried, "Stop, madman, it's thy running that makes the bull run! Stop! I'll keep him off!"

Timothy turned, and looked wildly and speechlessly at the farmer; the farmer, meantime, was gazing at the bull, which, at sight of him, had stopped where he was, and then giving a low, short bellow, and tearing up the ground with one horn, wheeled round, and slowly walked off.

The farmer now turned and demanded from Timothy the cause of his haste.

"I'm going for the doctor—our Sally's badly burnt!" said he, not able to articulate more.

These words, the piteous tone in which they were uttered, and the chance of his knees having "hanked" on so momentous an occasion, touched the heart of the naturally compassionate farmer. He saw at once, as if by a magic touch, the hard and pitiable fate of the poor fellow.

"Stop, Timothy!" said he, in his strong, resolute voice, seeing him about to proceed; and Timothy did as he was bid. The next moment the farmer had drawn Timothy into his house. "God help the man!" said he to himself, and then shouted into his kitchen—

"Dolly! Nancy! some of you wenches tell the missis to come here! Sit you down, Timothy;" then said he, pushing towards him the strong chair, on which he himself had been sitting a few moments before. Timothy, spite of his hurry to be gone, laid his hands on the back of the chair, for he seemed to want support, he was so surprised at the farmer's manner, and the next moment only still more increased his surprise.

"Jack," said the farmer, to a big strong lad in a carter's frock, who just then came up the meadow with a fork on his shoulder, "run down to the doctor as fast as your legs will carry you, and tell him for me, to go to Timothy Cossington's, with all his burn-salves and things, for there's somebody nearly burnt to death there."

Timothy cried like a child; he dropped at once into the chair, he never felt so weak before in all his life. And this was Farmer Heavysides! And now, Mrs. Heavysides, who was reckoned quite a grand body, was standing there in her black silk gown and scarlet shawl, and her husband was telling her all poor Timothy's troubles.

"Lord help them, poor souls!" said she; and then, turning to Timothy, she told him that he had done quite right to come to them in his distress, that he had, and that she would go down this very minute to see what she could do for them.

Timothy wanted to say that he had not made any application to them for help—that he never could have thought of such a thing; and that he was quite confounded, and taken by surprise by all this kindness—but he could not, for the life of him, say one word.

The farmer, in the meantime, was acting like a servant to him; in the twinkling of an eye he bustled into the kitchen, and fetched out a piece of cold meat and a loaf, and told Dolly to fetch some ale, and set a plate and knife and fork before him, and laid a great slice of meat on his plate.

"Come, take a mouthful, man," said he, "it will put a bit of life into thee!"

"Lord bless you, sir, I couldn't eat a bit for the world!" said Timothy; and he spoke the truth; for though he had been very hungry an hour before, when tea was talked of, he had now no power of eating left, and that more from amazement at the farmer's unexpected kindness, than from his own private troubles.

"Well, may be you can eat a bit for supper," said Mrs. Heavysides, who now came in with her bonnet and cloak on, and making a sign to Dolly, who likewise had her bonnet and shawl on, the cold meat and the loaf disappeared into a largeish basket, which Dolly was evidently going to carry with her.

"Bless the Lord!" said poor Timothy at last, who had required all his strength to prevent himself from sobbing aloud, "bless the Lord that he has found me friends at last!"

The farmer wiped his eyes. Nothing in this world could have astonished Timothy so much as that there should be tears of pity in those eyes; he never dreamt of such a thing even then—but there they were, nevertheless.

Timothy walked down the large meadow again, and passed the bull (which Dolly had frightened away with a hedge-stake), by the side of the farmer's wife.

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He had dropped behind her, as he thought was only becoming at first, but she insisted upon it that he should walk by her, and as they went along he poured out quite unconsciously all the troubles of his full simple heart. Mrs. Heavysides wiped her eyes. "Timothy," said she, "you ought to have told us all this before; my husband has a hasty, stern way with him, but he is the best-hearted man in the world. We'll see what we can do for you. You shall have all our mending, and if you can make a suit I dare say Heavysides will employ you."

"Timothy saw in idea a full suit for the bulky farmer lying in progress on his board; the very idea of it caused a ray of hope to dawn on his soul, and he actually smiled."

"If I ever should have that honor," began Timothy, amazed at his own fluency, "you should see how well I should do them!"

The poor tailor had that honor; the farmer announced to the whole parish that he never had had such an excellent fit before; and from that day poor Timothy never needed parish relief.

THE TRUE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

From the foundation of the world there has been a tendency to look down upon labor, and upon those who live by it, with contempt, as though it were something mean and ignoble. This is one of those vulgar prejudices which have arisen from considering everything vulgar that was peculiar to the multitude. Because the multitude have been suffered to remain too long rude and ignorant, everything associated with their condition has been confounded with the circumstances of this condition. The multitude were, in their rudeness and ignorance, mean in the public estimation, and the labor of their hands was held to be mean too. Nay, it has been said that labor is the result of God's primary curse, pronounced on man for his disobedience. But that is a great mistake. God told Adam that the ground was cursed for his sake, but not that his labor was cursed. He told him that in the sweat of his face he should eat his bread till he returned to the ground. But so far from labor partaking of the curse, it was given him as the means of triumphing over the curse. The ground was to produce thorns and thistles, but labor was to extirpate these thorns and thistles, and to cover the face of the earth with fruit-trees and bounteous harvests. And labor has done this; labor has already converted the earth, so far as its surface is concerned, from a wilderness into a paradise. Man eats his bread in the sweat of his face, but is there any bread so sweet as that, when he has only nature to contend with, and not the false arrangements of his fellow-men? So far is labor from being a curse, so far is it from being a disgrace, it is the very principle, which, like the winds of the air, or the agitation of the sea, keeps the world in health. It is the very life-blood of society, stirring in all its veins, and diffusing vigor and enjoyment through the whole system. Without man's labor, God had created the world in vain! Without our labor, all life, except that of the rudest and most savage kind, must perish. Arts, civilization, refinement and religion must perish. Labor is the grand pedestal of God's blessings upon earth: it is more—like man and the world itself—it is the offspring and the work of God.

So then, Labor, instead of being the slave and the drudge, is *really* the prince and the demigod. It is no mean species of action, but it is, in truth, a divine principle of the universe, issuing from the bosom of the Creator, and for the achievement of his most glorious purpose, the happiness of all his creatures. Who was and is the first great laborer? It is God himself! In the far depths of the unexplored eternity of the past, God began his labors. He formed world after world, and poised them in infinite space, in the beautiful language of Shelley, like

Islands in the ocean of the world.

From that time to the present there is every rational cause to believe that he has gone on laboring. He is the great laborer of eternity: and it is the highest of possible honors to be admitted to labor with him. There is no patent of nobility which can confer a glory like this. When he had finished his labor on our planet, his last and noblest work being man, he conferred on him a partnership in his labors. He handed down to him the great chain of Labor, and bade him encircle the world with it. He elected us as his successors here; and, from that time to this, the great family of man has gone on laboring with head and hand in a myriad of ways, carrying out, by the unceasing operations of intellect and mechanic skill, by invention, and construction, the designs of the Almighty for the good of his creatures. Can there positively be a sight more delightful to the great unseen,

but watchful Father of the Universe, than that of all his countless rational creatures, busy at the beneficent scheme of boundless labors, out of which springs the gladness of all life?

After the lapse of thousands of years, and when the cunning and the proud had cast a base stigma on that which God had created good and the medium of good, Christ came, and what were his remarkable words?

"MY FATHER WORKETH HITHERTO, AND I WORK!" Thus again, the revelation of the Gospel was also a grand revelation of the dignity of Labor. It was acknowledged to be a principle exercised by the Divinity itself. Every one who labored was made to appear, not the slave of man, but the fellow-laborer of God. Where then is the meanness of labor? If God himself does not disdain to use it, shall we? If God seems even to glory in his labors, shall we be ashamed of ours? No! Labor is, as we have asserted, a divine principle of the universe; it is the most honorable thing on the earth, and next to God himself, it is the most ancient in Heaven.

All honor then to labor, the offspring of Deity; the most ancient of ancients, sent forth by the Almighty into these nether worlds; the most noble of nobles! Honor to that divine principle which has filled the earth with all the comforts and joys, and affluence that it possesses, and is undoubtedly the instrument of happiness wherever life is found. Without labor—what is there? Without it there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive—in heaven or on the earth—is the product of labor. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars—what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors of the Omnipotent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began. We build up, each in his own vocation, the grand fabric of human honor and human happiness, exercising all our faculties and powers, physical and intellectual, and the result is—What?—*Peoples Journal*.

Messrs. Editors:—Your correspondent, M. G. L. (I presume our worthy Commissioner of the Alms House), in reply to a correspondent of yours in relation to the employment of the surplus convict labor at the Penitentiary, says, "as there appears to be an erroneous opinion afloat generally upon the subject, with your permission I will state the facts as they are," and then goes on to say: "I was enabled after many efforts to obtain an offer from an extensive manufacturing house out of the city, to employ the convicts not otherwise wanted, in the fabrication of saddlery hardware, a class of goods not manufactured in this country, except in some of the State Prisons, the principal portion used being imported from England."

I beg leave respectfully to say that Mr. M. G. L. has not stated "the facts as they are," and would ask him if he has not obtained his information solely from the person who offers to contract for this convict labor? Has he sought from the manufacturers of, or dealers in this article, any information on the subject?

As he appears to be so poorly informed, I will state for his information, that these articles are made to a great extent in the country, more than one-half of the whole quantity sold being made here, and further that this "extensive manufacturing house" has a store in this city.

I am informed by a manufacturer that there are upwards of two hundred mechanics, makers of saddlery hardware, in this city, who are dependant upon their daily labor for support, and I know there are hundreds of others who are out of this city, who depend upon this market for the sale of the articles made by them, many of whom are females.

In speaking of the remonstrance presented in the Board of Assistants, he says, "not a name did I discern on the remonstrance that was engaged in the making of the class of goods proposed to be manufactured in the Penitentiary," &c. Now, why did he not discern them? Because he was not acquainted with any of them. There were many; and I think I may say a large majority of those who signed the remonstrance, are engaged in the manufacture of this article. It was also signed by many of the first men in this community, who pay a large amount of taxes, and are opposed to the principle of the thing.

The manufacturers of saddlery hardware, and there is hardly an article in the line but what is made or can be made in this country, have already enough of this kind of competition. They are already crushed to the earth, with the convict labor of the Sing Sing Prison, the Auburn Prison, and the prison at Columbia, Ohio; put in our Penitentiary and Alms House, and, I pray you, what is to become of them?—*Jour. of Com.*

In the above extract is contained a statement of one of the evils of which Mechanics complain. The labor which of right belongs to them in their various

avocations is, as it were by force, taken from them and given to large contractors, who throw in their bids for the State Prison convicts at a price ranging from 32 to 41 cents a head per day; and these heavy contractors are thus enabled to pocket a nice profit with but a small amount paid for manufacturing. That the manufacturer has a right to make his capital yield him as large a profit as possible, no one disputes, so long as the stream in which it runs does not take away from the mechanic the actual value of his labor; and this is one of the ways in which capital is employed against which mechanics of this State protest. We admit that no one has a right to call in question the investment of capital, when employed in an honest business; but we deny that to be an honest business, the direct or indirect results of which tends to depreciate the price of labor, and consequently to degrade those who are dependant on their labor for subsistence. And here is a plain statement of the matter—mechanics whose labor yields them from \$1 25 to \$1 75 per day are thus thrown out of employ by the present State Prison system of letting out the convicts to labor in the various mechanical departments, at from 32 to 41 cents a head per day.

Many may and even do regard it but as an affected sensibility for the mechanic, when condemning the present system of State Prison labor. Mechanics are men of as nice sensibilities and of as fine feelings, as those who are able to live without manual labor, and much less the drudgery to which many of the former are subject: and they feel, too, that it is bad enough to have the vile in society, but still more are our feelings hurt when we feel that we are pitted against them, as it were, and obliged to contend for what is our right, when the object at stake is our own subsistence and that of our families also. Surely sympathy should not be regarded as childish when given for such cases. And we have ever looked upon that system as one of speculation upon the mechanics, against whom it operates—the shoemakers, the tailors, the hatters, the manufacturers of saddlery hardware, the cabinet-makers, the blacksmiths, the saddlers, &c., &c. And who are they that thus rob the honest, hard-working mechanic of what is his just due? Are they those who have served a regular apprenticeship at the trades in which they are engaged? Are they of that class, who can lay claim to the appellation of honest men? Or, rather, are they not those who are too vile to live among honest men?—the murderer—the thief—the perjured—the midnight incendiary? In short, all those against whom wholesome laws are no barrier? These are the men, trained in our State Prisons, and so soon as they can fabricate an article are thrown into the market for the capitalist to seize upon, and by employing them at one-fourth the price for which laborers, who have wrought out a trade by long years of apprenticeship, can be had, and thus throw out and keep out of employment those who are of right entitled to this labor at an advanced price. This is but one of the many evils resulting from the present system of Convict, as put in competition with Free Labor.—*Record*.

NEW INVENTIONS.

CAST IRON RAILS ON RAILROADS.—A trilateral, and what we would call a three lobed rail, has been invented, the flanges resembling the upper edge. It resembles the letter Y turned upside down, (X) and its advantages are said to consist in its being secured in its chair, and allowing wheels with deeper flanges. We imagine that the *ne plus ultra* of rails has been invented by Mr. Imlay, of this City. Two thousand two hundred feet of cast iron rails have been laid down, under his direction on the Harlem railway, near 29th Street. The flanges, the upper edge, of the shape of the T rail, and the lower rib or bearing, are all cast together. The rail is secured to a longitudinal sill, by bolts passing through it and the joints. It is cheap, permanent and solid.

It is very singular that this idea has not been acted on before, since, for years past, the frogs and turn-outs have been chiefly made of cast iron, and they have never broken, and have worn out the wrought iron bars with which they were connected. This application of Mr. Imlay's must effect a revolution in the railway business, since his rails can be cast at any ordinary furnace, and be made in any part of the country where there is iron. We venture to assert, that the cost of railways on this plan will be reduced one-third, possibly more.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Highton has invented a Magnetic Telegraph, where the signals instead of being given by deflecting needles, are communicated by strips of metallic leaf. No plan has yet come up to that of Professor Morse, for economy, certainty and simplicity.

Mendoga 26 Feb 1927

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

"THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE."

ALBANY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 3, 1846.

NOTICE.

We send this number of our paper to many of our friends and acquaintances throughout this and adjoining states, and trust that if our efforts should meet their approbation, they will forward their names as subscribers to the work.

OURSELVES.

In presenting to the public, as well as to those with whom we are more immediately associated, a new paper for their approbation and support; propriety, not less than custom, dictates, that we should state the reasons which have led to the enterprise; such a statement, moreover, seems to be imperative, when we take into consideration, the position that we hold in regard to the mechanics of this state.

It will be recollected that about one year ago, we commenced the publication of the *Mechanics' Mirror*, the subscription list was quite respectable in its number, yet the expense of establishing a new work of the kind, far exceeded the income, and although every exertion was used by the publisher to avoid becoming disconnected with that work, he has been compelled to sell his interest in that periodical, to defray the debts contracted in conducting it through the first year of its existence. Mr. JOEL MUNSELL is the purchaser, who will hereafter be its conductor.

We now confidently appeal to the Mechanics of our country to come up to our aid,—we are bent but not broken, and with a willing hand and honest heart we will continue to battle in the cause of Mechanic Reform, and in the defence of our watchword, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

We intend to make our paper the *Mechanic's Advocate*, in its widest and most legitimate sense, to deal in an earnest and business like manner with the Claims of Industry. All human interests, combining human endeavors and social growth, require organizing, and LABOR the grandest of all human interests, requires it now. But how is this to be attempted? Take this question deeply to heart, and answer: May we not all do something? The *Mechanic's Advocate* will at least contribute its quota by opening freely its pages to all those who will seek to aid in the solution of this mighty problem,—How shall we elevate labor?

We also propose to make the *Mechanic's Advocate* a zealous defender of the rights of the working man, by affording him correct and early information on all subjects connected with his interests, by interesting itself in his HOME, and in developing all the capacities of his nature.

With this brief explanation we commence our labors. What the end will be lies hidden in the future, although we have confidence in a successful result. We enter the field with no ill-will towards any of our fellow laborers in the great cause; knowing that there is room enough for all, we tender the hand of friendship to each. Peace is our desire and the good of the laborer our aim. In the pursuit of this we shall be no respecter of persons, of sects or of parties, but shall give our strict adherence to the command of "doing unto others as we would have others to do unto us."

And now Brother Mechanic's we make our bow, and trust you will be pleased to bestow upon us that generous patronage we have so often received at your hands. The work is cheap, being but half the price of other works of the size. We are enabled to publish the *Advocate* at ONE DOLLAR a year, only because we do our own work. During the hours of day we labor at our avocation, and at night—when all around is wrapt in slumber—we ply our pen in the cause of right.

MECHANICS, READ!

There is, there can be, no good reason why the great objects Mechanics are struggling to effect should not be attained. They have never yet occupied their true station in society; never enjoyed a tithe part of the rights that belong to them. They have always been crushed down below the ranks in life they should be permitted to fill, and that they are eminently fitted to adorn. And even now, although much has been said and not a little done to assert their rights, and secure to them the undisputed enjoyment of their privileges as men and as citizens, yet only the very first steps have been taken. The great work still remains to be performed. The foundation is partially laid—we must now proceed at once, and in the right way too, to erect the superstructure.

We enter this great and important field, not without a keen appreciation of the vastness and importance of the work to be done, and the comparative inadequateness of the means employed to aid in its accomplishment. But we are cheered with the thought, that we shall do all we are permitted to do, with an honest purpose, and an earnest desire to enhance the best interests and ameliorate the condition of the MECHANIC. We shall study thoroughly his rights and his wrongs, and labor zealously to successfully assert the one by aiding to annihilate the other. In this work, there is no agent more powerful than the PRESS. That mighty weapon it is our distinguished privilege to employ for this great purpose, and it shall be our constant endeavor to wield it aright, and in the manner best calculated to serve the end we aim at.

We have said there is no good reason why the vital objects Mechanics are struggling to effect should not be attained; and there is none. With the PRESS they may accomplish everything. PUBLIC OPINION is the great and controlling POWER. A healthy PRESS will surely reach the PEOPLE, and through them give tongue and tone to PUBLIC OPINION. If Mechanics will come up promptly to the support of publications devoted to their interests, and by their patronage, countenance and sympathy nerve the arms and strengthen the sinews of the earnest toilers in their behalf, an impulse will go forth that must speedily work out the great and salutary Reform we are laboring to push on to its final triumph. This fact is an obvious one, and can need no argument in proof of its truth. It is self-evident. The means, therefore, are in the hands and under the control of the Mechanics themselves. They have but to put them forth, to secure all they need, and to enjoy the blessings and benefits they have been so long and so unjustly deprived of through the combined influences of oppression, ignorance of their claims, their rights and their wants, and the galling tyranny of Monopolists, Aristocrats and Demagogues.

BROTHER MECHANICS! Will you not arise in your might, shake off the chains that bind you, assert your rights, and prepare to sow the seeds and reap the fruits of Busy Industry? Will you not promptly and intelligently avail yourselves of the weapons that lie within your reach? You may wield them with such power that every blow will knock away portions of the now crazy and tottering defences of the old enemy. The HOUR has come: The WAY is made plain: In homely, but not inapt phrase, "the iron is hot"—STRIKE! strike now!! Put forth the strength that is yours! Swing high the ponderous sledge! Let the anvil ring its merry peal! Let it sing its song of Disenthralment in the tingling ears of the purse-proud oppressor, the close-fisted monopolist, the wiley demagogue, the mole-eyed legislator, the blindly cunning political economist, and the whole pack of noisy and unjust opponents of the sacred rights of Honest Industry.

Yes! BRETHREN! FRIENDS! Strike while the iron is hot! We appeal to you as the ADVOCATE of your Interests and the DEFENDER of your Rights. We shall labor for you with all our might, and shall exer-

cise, faithfully and perseveringly, in your behalf, all the energies of body and mind that Providence has blessed us with. All we ask of you is, to second us, promptly and zealously, in this good work. We ask your countenance and sympathy and support. Without these evidences of your approbation and co-operation we can do nothing: With them we can accomplish everything. Come up to the work, Brethren. If we do not fulfill our engagements with you, you can crush us in an instant: If we do perform all we promise, secure for us the reward that will be our honest due; remembering ever the truth of our common motto—"The Laborer is worthy of his hire."

CAN IT BE DONE?

It has been suggested to us, that the interests and welfare of the Mechanics of this city might be promoted upon a plan simple in its details, safe in its performance, and sure in its results. The proposed plan is this: Suppose some gentleman holding a large real estate, should consent, upon the engagement of 60 or more enterprising Mechanics to purchase contiguous lots, to build thereon as many dwellings in a style suitable to the accommodation and wants of that class of community, at the very lowest contract prices—contracting for the supply of each article used in their construction, as brick, doors, windows, &c. In this manner, the mechanic will have a house equal in all respects to the one he might build himself, at perhaps 25 per cent. less cost. The gentleman willing to undertake such a project would doubtless give a reasonable credit to each, secured by bond and mortgage on the property.

What think our brother mechanics of the plan! Are they willing to engage in it, and thus secure for themselves and families a permanent home, and a long wished-for deliverance from the sway of the landlord?

But we are talking too fast. Where is the gentleman who is willing to second us in the prosecution of so important an enterprise? Is there not one among the many in this wealthy Capital who wishes to assist in the identification of the Mechanic interests with that of the city?

We invite in our columns a discussion of this project. Let Mechanics come forward with their views, either for or against it. There can be no danger in the business. A committee might be formed out of the number interested, to examine accounts, and see that the buildings are well done, and furnished to them at cost prices. The advantages to accrue need not be enumerated. Common sense will dictate them to a candid mind, if the subject be reasonably and fairly considered.

AMERICAN MECHANICAL SKILL.

It is a proud triumph for the American Mechanic, that the results of his unwearied thought and incessant labors, are at this moment proclaiming his superiority from nearly every civilized nation on the face of the earth. They have not toiled in vain, who have introduced into the workshops of Britain almost every improvement in machinery there made of late years—who have defied the combined efforts of European Mechanics, and not only contracted for the erection of their engines, but for the construction of their railroads. At this moment the American Artisan has the preference wherever skill and an indomitable spirit of industry are required. Young men of our country, you who are sweating under the fatigue of daily labor and nightly toil,—you who think that no path is before you but that of cheerless poverty and slavish drudgery, awake from so fearful an error! Is labor dishonorable? He who thinks so, deserves to starve. Is there no incentive to the development of all your young energies, of body and mind, in your humble calling? Reflect upon what has been accomplished in the few short years of our national existence, by the Mechanical genius of American Artisans! Behold the rise and growth of villages, towns, aye, of mighty cities,

through the length and breadth of our land, the impulse of whose magic growth was given by your predecessors and co-laborers in the workshops of the nation. Even now, in a thousand places, where forges and mills are standing, and the whirl of spindles, and the clanking hammer deafen the ear, may be seen embryo cities, ere long destined to expand and arise in their might, the glorious monuments of well-directed industrial and mechanical efforts! Shame on the young man who despises his honest avocation. Better would it be for himself and his country were he never born. We appeal to your candor, and ask, if a great portion of those whom you stigmatize as the *aristocracy*, have not sprung from the very class to which you yourselves belong? Know you not, men of wealth, millionaires if you will, now rolling in wealth, whose earlier days were days of unceasing toil, and who, successfully contending against prejudice and poverty, arose step by step to the position you now so much abuse and yet dare to envy? Well, the way is open for you too. *Perseverance* is inscribed on every mile-stone along the same road to wealth—that road, the observance of which raised them above want and the necessity of labor, and the neglect of which will keep you in lower though not less honorable sphere of action and enjoyment.

THE PRODUCT OF LABOR.

Who can compute it—who estimate it? It has felled the mighty forests of ancient and modern times. It has cleared vast morasses, and made the wilderness blossom and bud as the rose. It has plunged into the bowels of the earth and brought forth the treasures of precious ores that lay buried there since the Creator called order out of chaos. It has covered the great oceans of the globe with proud water-walking vessels, and filled every port with the untold riches of commerce. It has covered the broad fields with corn, rustling in the breezes of heaven, and smiling joyously in the sun that nourishes and ripens all the fruits of the exhaustless soil. It raised the first hut, then the cottage, the hamlet, and the city. Its handywork is seen alike in the rude shanty and in the royal palace and proud capitol; and all these it has filled with food and furniture. It has made glass, and dyed it with all the colors of the prism. It has constructed presses, cast types, manufactured paper, and filled the world with books and libraries, from which ever goeth forth over all the earth and into the minds and hearts of the highest and the humblest, a light that shineth brighter than the sun in his meridian splendor, and that will blaze gloriously in unnumbered ages after that wonderous orb shall have been extinguished by Him who first lit it up, and commissioned it to light, and warm and invigorate the earth. It has dug the canals that unite lakes and oceans, and that pour into the busy marts of trade and traffic the vast inland wealth of states and territories. It has covered whole countries with railroads, over whose iron tracks the fleet locomotive flies at the rate of 20, 30, 40, and even 60 miles the hour, dragging after it long trains of cars filled with travelers and numberless articles of trade and merchandize. It has woven over the length and breadth of our land a net-work of Electric Telegraph, whereby the most distant places and important points are brought into instantaneous communication with each other, and men's thoughts fly on the wings of the lightning. It has converted to mechanical and manufacturing purposes the streams that tumble from the mountains, and employed the mighty powers of steam in thousands of different ways for thousands of useful purposes. It has erected countless mills, and set in motion millions of rattling looms, and many millions of flying shuttles. It has ever gone hand in hand with the profoundest inventions, and turned the most astounding discoveries to the best of uses. It is the willing and ever-toiling hand-maiden of all the wants, comforts and luxuries of social and civilized life, and in every way, and among all classes, renders services that are as indispensable as

lungs and breath are to animal existence. In short, whatever is great, useful, glorious, necessary, valuable, wonderful, and pleasing in art and science, owes its existence, utility and value solely to LABOR! The LABOR of MECHANICS, ARTIZANS and WORKERS.

Such are a few of the results of LABOR; and but a few. LABOR has done all this. Verily! is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Are not the toiling millions—who thus benefit the world and bless the nations, richly entitled to all the privileges they claim? Whose influence is equal to theirs? Whose perseverance is so important to all? Whose efforts are so valuable? And yet, whose wrongs are so great as theirs—whose condition so imperfectly understood? whose interests so cruelly neglected? whose true station and just rights so carefully buried from the sight, and so evidently crushed under the wheels of the ponderous car of Self-Interest?

All these things must be looked upon in their real light. The benefactors of mankind and the world must be lifted to the station in life that is theirs by inalienable right and undisputed title; and this great step must be taken through the intelligent and reformatory ELEVATION of LABOR. A true appreciation of the value of LABOR will raise the LABORER to his proper place. For this we work; for this we will continue to toil on hopefully: not doubting but that in the end the RIGHT will triumph over the WRONG.

ABOUT SHOEMAKERS AND SHOE WEARERS.

JAMES SPARKS HALL, a patent elastic boot maker, of London, has published a book with this title. "The book of the Feet; a history of boots and shoes, with illustrations, London, 1846." The work is plainly and pleasingly written, thereby proving that a boot-maker may be a book-maker,—and exhibits the various forms and phases which the coverings of the feet have assumed, from the time of Egyptian sandals, down to the present era. "For upwards of ten years," says Mr. Hall, "I have made the feet my study. I have observed with minute care the cast from the antique as well as the 'modern instances,' and am obliged to admit that much of the pain I have witnessed, made by the distortion of the toes, the corns on the top of the feet, the bunion on the side, the callusities beneath, and the growing in of the nails between, are attributable to the shoe-maker." This is a serious charge, but it is the conclusion of a shoe-maker of more than twenty years experience, who has given his attention to many thousands of feet. Who then shall call it in question?

Mr. Hall is convinced that *pressure and friction are the causes of corns and other grievances of the feet*, and declares that the only permanent remedy must be removal of the cause by wearing sufficiently large and well-fitting shoes or boots. The fault, (he remarks,) lies not so much in the shoes or boots themselves, as in the lasts from which they are made; and the final conclusion he arrives at is this, that every one who wishes to be comfortably fitted, should have a pair of lasts made for his own use. This might be done at little cost or trouble, and lasts made to the exact form and configuration of the feet would serve an adult person all his lifetime. Possessed of these, he could always have his shoes and boots made to fit his feet exactly, and need never endure a moment of tight-boot torture. Those who study their own comfort should look into this matter. It is sound and valuable advice, and if followed would prevent a vast amount of the worst sort of agony.

The labor of man upon earth presents a glorious spectacle. There is nothing glorious that is not included in the work of man's hands. Look round, Brethren, and tell us what you see that is worth desiring, that is not the product of your never-failing and well-directed industry, and of the persevering labor of the hands of your fellows—the multitude of all the ages of the Past.

EXPLOSIVE COTTON—NEW SOURCE OF MECHANICAL POWER.

A correspondent in a late number of the New York Herald, suggests the application of the newly discovered explosive cotton to the propulsion of machinery. Attempts have long been made to substitute gunpowder for steam; but its corrosive effects upon iron and other metal have been fatal to its successful use. These objections do not, he thinks, exist in the case of the explosive cotton. It scarcely leaves a stain on a sheet of white paper; while it possesses an immense power, second to none in nature.

We see no good reason why steam may not be superseded in the manner proposed by this correspondent. And we trust that the inventive genius of the country will not rest until it accomplishes the production of such an engine.

THE NEW PLANET.

The discovery of the new planet—called Verrier's Planet—is one of the proudest triumphs of theoretical Astronomy. But few are aware of the circumstances under its existence was ascertained, and we will briefly state them.

By astronomers it has of late years been supposed that the unusual perturbations of the planet Herschell were caused by some other planet, yet unknown, but sufficiently contiguous to influence her motions. Accordingly calculations were made; and M. VERRIER of France, arrived at the conclusion, that at a certain time, and in a certain place, giving the exact spot, the planet must be seen. The announcement operated like a shock of electricity; immediately every glass was peering in the heavens, to discover the great unknown. At the specified time, Mr. Galle, of Germany we believe, was the first to discern it within one degree of the place assigned to it by M. Verrier. It is confidently asserted, also, that still another planet is to be found in the same wonderful manner—and to add still greater glory to the triumphs of Astronomy.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Mr. St. John, of Buffalo, has succeeded in accomplishing that which the scientific world has so long considered an impossibility. The perpetual motion? No, but the construction of an instrument to obtain the latitude and longitude of any place. This great desideratum is at last gained, and on so simple a plan, that a child may comprehend it. It has been offered to the Government by its inventor, at a fair price—not wishing to claim a patent. To the mariner it is worth untold wealth; and it will be hailed with exultation and gratitude by every trafficker and venturer upon the ocean.

In a future number we will attempt to describe the instrument.

The Printers of Rochester have resolved to celebrate the Anniversary of the birth-day of the Immortal Franklin. From what we know of the Printers of Rochester, we anticipate a splendid affair. The following gentlemen are the committee:—Philemon Canfield, George Dawson, Erastus Shepard, Josiah M. Patterson, Harvey L. Winants, William Fisher, Wil Heughes.

Mr. JOHN HARBISON, our Traveling Agent for the West, is now out. We bespeak for him a cordial reception. Mr. Harbison is well known to all the Mechanics West. He is fully empowered to transact any business in our name, such as giving receipts, appointing agents, &c.

Subscribers to the first volume of the *Mechanics' Mirror*, who have not yet paid their subscription, will please do so without further delay. All remittances for that volume must be directed to John Tanner, No. 24 Commercial Buildings, Albany, N. Y.

Don't forget! that the *Advocate* goes free of postage to all post-offices within thirty miles of Albany. Will not this aid in extending our circulation?

There is no class of men who are individually more interested and dependant upon each other, than the MECHANICS. Therefore it should be their study to aid, support, encourage and sympathize with each other. Indeed, this is one of their legitimate duties. And we may say in this connection, that we believe no class of men can be found who discharge this duty more scrupulously than the MECHANICS. The knowledge of the past encourages us to believe that our humble but earnest efforts in their behalf will not be suffered to go unrewarded. We are confident that so long as we discharge our obligations to the mechanics faithfully, the mechanics will certainly discharge theirs towards us; for with them, and with us, this is a principle. Our motto is, "*The laborer is worthy of his hire.*" Let merit receive what merit deserves.

If the steamers that navigate our Lakes and the Sound were furnished with sails, (as the old Sound Steamers used to be, and all the Ocean Steamers now are,) such accidents as that which befel the Atlantic would not occur. A sail or a mast would have saved the Atlantic, for with them she could have made some port after the bursting of the steam-chest rendered her engine powerless as the arm of an infant. We trust this suggestion will be remembered and acted upon.

The next number of this paper will be issued about the last week in December, or the first week in January. We make this delay in order to give our friends time to send in their lists, so that we can tell how large an edition will be necessary.

Those of our friends having subscription lists in their possession will please hand them in, or send by mail, at their earliest convenience. Get as many names on them as possible, Brothers!

All persons wishing to advertise in the *Advocate*, will please hand their favors in by the 20th of the present month.

MECHANICS! recollect that one cigar less a week, will pay for one year's subscription to the *Advocate*, postage and all.

The office of the Gavel has been removed to No. 24 Commercial Buildings.

Wanted immediately a Traveling Agent, to canvass the Eastern part of this State.

BAIN'S ELECTRIC CLOCK.—Can any of our readers furnish us with a description of this clock? It is made in Glasgow at present, and has been in operation four or five years at least. Any information relative to it will be thankfully received at this office.

SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.

Some of the most heart-sickening exhibitions of human depravity are made manifest amid scenes of the most terrible character. We have had a recent illustration of this fact. After the Atlantic struck Fishers' Island in the tempest of Friday morning, and while baggage, packages of goods, and the dead bodies of crushed and drowned victims of the disaster were drifting ashore in the dim light of day-break, fiends in human shape, with a callousness of heart almost incredible, skulked along that rocky shore and plundered the dead of all that was valuable on their persons, with as much indifference as they cut open their baggage and pilfered their trunks and valises. Thus, in the midst of that dreadful scene of sorrow, and while the arrows of death were flying thick and fast, and the fearful shrieks of the dying were mingling with the roar of the pitiless hurricane, MAN was busily engaged in robbing the hapless victims of the disaster! Oh! such things are dreadful to hear, dreadful to contemplate. Would that we could shut our eyes and ears to their dread reality! Would that it were in our power to brand them falsehoods, and rid humanity of the foul stains such deeds fix upon it! But we cannot. The fact—the damning fact—cannot be avoided or denied.

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up horse-nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts, almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewn everywhere in your path.

EXCHANGING PEARLS.

A little orphan boy, about twelve years of age, while fishing on the banks of the Tennessee, United States, America, picked up a large pearl among the mussel-shells. Returning home, he accidentally exhibited it while rummaging his pockets filled with fish-lines, corks, shells, coppers, bait, &c. A gentleman standing by observed the costly treasure, and asked the little fellow how much he should give him for it? 'Oh,' said the boy, 'a bit or two—just as you please.' 'No,' replied the gentleman; 'you must not sell it for a trifle; it is worth a great sum. I will send it to Nashville to be sold, and the proceeds of it shall be applied to your education.' The pearl was sent to a lapidary, who estimated its value at five hundred dollars! Let it glitter in the diadem of a crowned head, and that boy's mind be enriched with jewels whose lustre shall outlive and outshine the light of diamonds, and he will have parted with it for a pearl of greater price.

'THE LONG RANGE' OF THE GOSPEL.

'Warner's Long Range' is a good deal spoken of now-a-days as a wonderful invention for killing enemies. But let me tell Warner, and all other geniuses of his cast, that such inventions are all a humbug. Such tactics and tools are all too short-sighted and short-bitted for the work proposed. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits; and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone-dead as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven among men by which one can kill an enemy; and that is, by putting coals of fire on his head; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him, like a good Samaritan, with your hands, eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing and words of kindness, and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot. Try it, and tell the nation to do the same.

VALUE OF CHANGES.

'No political change is worth a single crime, or, above all, a single drop of human blood.' That will be a golden age for humanity which shall see this sublime principle the foundation-stone and top-stone, the crown and glory, of every political edifice which shall be reared on the ruins of despotic institutions. No political change can improve the condition of a people unless it promote a moral end. No moral end can be attained by demoralizing means. Moral means are always the constituent elements of the moral end already attained, 'the substance of things hoped for.' They are to freedom what repentance and faith are to salvation. And any combination of despotic force, in armies or navies, might as well seek to intercept the communication of Divine grace to the heart of the penitent and believing sinner, as to intercept the gift of freedom to that people who commence working out their political or social salvation 'in the fear and trembling' of moral means.

A FREEHOLD ESTATE FOR THE PEOPLE.

There is one great estate belonging to the people of Christendom—an estate which is transmitted to successive generations in fee simple, in the fullest freehold ownership and occupation. This estate consists in a debt of more than £2,000,000,000, contracted by sixteen European nations, in sacrificing upon the altar of Mars about twenty millions of their subjects and citizens. This is merely the *arrears* due from the people for the cost of their self-immolation; it is but a tithe of what they have paid on the human slaughter-bills since the Reformation. This vast debt is what the people have earned by destroying each other in war. It is a great estate, and yields them an annual revenue of poverty, crime, and wretchedness. Then there is another source of similar income to the people. The Christian governments of Christendom expend about £200,000,000 annually in preparing for future wars; which, added to the interest of their aggregate war debt, at five per cent., rises to the nice little sum of £300,000,000, which has to be raised

every year by sinking the condition of the people still lower. The annual war-tax on the inhabitants of Europe may be put down at £2 a-head, from the infant in the cradle to the man tottering into the grave beneath the weight of a hundred years! To pay the principal of this war-debt of Christendom, it would be necessary to levy a tax of at least £2 on every inhabitant of the globe! Let the people think of these things.

DRIVE YOUR BUSINESS, AND LET NOT IT DRIVE YOU.

Energy and force of character are among the first requisites essential to success in business. A man may possess a high degree of refinement, large stores of knowledge, and even a well-disciplined mind, but if he is destitute of this one principle, which may be termed resolution of soul, he is like a watch without a mainspring—beautiful, but inefficient, and unfit for service. Man was never made to act the part of an automaton, or mere machine. His powers are not designed to move quite so mechanically. He is to act, as well as to be acted upon. He must give life and stimulus to his calling. Is he not endued with a life-giving power, whose emanation is referred to that original source whence alone can be derived all inspiration? Man's sufficiency must give character to his business. That employment upon which is stamped the impress of a living and energetic soul, will do honor to any man, in any place, or at any age. It is poor policy, indeed, to loiter till driven by force. We thereby lose all the pleasures of satisfaction. Voluntary service, urged forward by a determined purpose, will give hopeful assurance if not a full warrant of success, and all the happiness of a just conquest. Behold the sluggish man! His occupation is a worthy one, but it finds him unworthy of the trust. It presses upon him with all the demand of imperative necessity. It finds him but a drone. He is confused by a multiplicity of cares. He is pressed down by a crowd of responsibilities, but makes no generous effort to discharge one of them. Thus his occupation suffers, his family are in want, and that good name, which is better than great riches, is lost. True, man is said to be a creature of circumstances, and he ought to be, in a sense, subject to the superintendence of a leading Providence; but this does not justify inertness of character. Man, by his own decision of character and determined spirit, can do much to remove and surmount the inconveniences and barriers incident to human life. Then be resolute, and both you and your business will "go on and prosper."—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

KNOWLEDGE—ASSOCIATION.

The more extensive a man's knowledge the more extended his influence, and the greater his usefulness; and in proportion to his knowledge the confidence of his fellow men increases, in a ratio truly wonderful. This we believe to be a generally admitted axiom. For these reasons—reasons all at a glance, will observe of paramount importance—we feel anxious that the mechanics of our State should exert themselves energetically, to bring about associated action, because by steadily assembling together, better feeling is promoted among them, and they are enabled to consult together for their own good, and adopt advisedly such measures as will tend to increase their knowledge, enlarge their capabilities, and improve their morals. By interchange of thought, a spirit of emulation is aroused, which has always an almost omnipotent tendency to stimulate men to activity. We see daily manifestations of the sneer that the mechanics are men of limited capabilities, and contracted views, and who does not believe that to a very considerable degree this sneer is deserved? Now, why is it? There is nothing in their pursuits which requires such a state of things. It is because, falling in with an opinion (in action at least) which originated among the aristocracy, that their position in society is an humble and obscure one, they have endeavored to content themselves with their lot, and believing it a necessary evil, have put forth no efforts of a decided character for the overthrow of the oppressive and degrading system. The longer we submit to this thing the longer we may. It is daily growing upon us. Already mechanics are considered improper members of the higher circles. Shall we suffer it, or will we elevate ourselves? The matter is with us individually, but we must act collectively. Let us think of and agitate these things, and let each and every mechanic reflect seriously whether his dearest interests do not require of him unceasing exertion for the establishment of such organizations as are calculated to increase his usefulness, add to his knowledge, elevate his character, and erect such a standard of moral and intellectual worth as shall be conducive to the best interests of society, and do justice generally to the merit of its members.—*Tetotal Mechanic.*

NEWS FOR THE WEEK.

Ending Thursday, Dec. 3d.

Appalling Disaster! Loss of the Steamer Atlantic!

Long Island Sound was on Friday morning last the scene of one of the most terrible and heart-rending disasters on record. From Wednesday evening until the morning of Friday, a fearful gale, almost unparalleled in that region, raged incessantly, and during all that time the splendid Steamer Atlantic, disabled by the bursting of her steam chest soon after leaving New London for New York, and dragging her ponderous anchors, drifted at the mercy of the tempest and the sea. Nearer and nearer she approached the rocky shore; nearer, and nearer still; until at length, about 4 o'clock on the morning of Friday, she was driven broadside upon the rocks, and in 20 minutes was dashed to pieces! About seventy persons were on board, of whom FORTY FIVE were killed by the crushing and rending of the boat, drowned in attempting to swim to the shore, or beaten to death by dashing against the rocks; of this number were the commander of the Atlantic, Capt. DUSTAN, and the Rev. Dr. ARMSTRONG, of New York.

The Atlantic was a new boat and cost \$147,000. She was fully insured. The terrible loss of life by this accident has spread a gloom over all the land.

The following is a list, (not complete,) of the officers, crew and passengers lost and saved;

Lost.
Capt. Dustan of the Atlantic.
Dr. Hassler of the Navy.
Lieut. Norton of the Army.
A Clergyman named Armstrong.
Orlando Pitts, Sec'y of Boylston Ins. Co. Boston.
— French, Clerk in Merchants Ins. Co. Boston.
Mrs. Hilton, stewardess.
Sarah Johnson, chambermaid.
Sarah Ruby of Providence, do.
Eliza Warren, servant to Mrs. Lewis.
John Walton, Mrs. Jane Walton, John Walton, James Walton, Eleanor Jane Walton, all one family from West Newburgh for Pennsylvania.
Robert Vine, Jacob Walton, of the same family; saved.
John Gleason, Thomas Gedney, Michael Dougherty, Charles Ryley, James Macfarlan, of the crew, lost.

Passengers Saved.

Capt. Geo. W. Callum, U. S. Engineer corps, Seabury Brewster, N. Y.; Capt. Peter Hann, Portland, C. C. Orr, Louisville, Ky.; Joel R. Andrews, N. London, Lieut. E. Maynard, U. S. N.; Lieut. C. S. Stewart, U. S. Engineer; Charles Cadgedy, N. York; Hiram Tarbox, Lisbon, Ct.; Francis Herriek, Boston; Geo. W. Rogers, C. C. Comstock, N. London; Thomas Truesdale, N. York; Thos. Gooding, E. V. Booth, Edward Maddon, C. Peterson, J. Wilson, Boston; Nahum Reise, Newark, N. J.; Charles Mitchell, Norwich; Henry Van Wart, Birmingham, Eng. Varnham Marsh, N. Y.; Nathaniel Atwood, Richard Atwood, Mass.; Thomas O. Gould, Adams's Express.
— Munroe, Baggage Master.

Officers of the Boat saved.

James Stetson, 2d Captain, William Boyle, clerk, John G. Gull, do., Charles Woodworth, barkeeper, Capt. N. A. Allen, pilot; Charles Crandall, 2d do., Dennis Spelana, wheelman; Elias Kingston, 1st mate; R. W. Duncan, 2d do., John Keefer, steward, Eli Birdsell, 2d engineer, John J. Gale, 3d do., Charles Christian, seaman.

There were but six female passengers on board, including the servant of Mrs. Lewis—all lost. There were probably eight or ten deck hands, who also perished.
A Mr. Partridge had in his company a Miss Jordan, who was coming to this city on a visit to his wife. All his exertions to save her were fruitless, in the last of which he nearly lost his own life. He escaped to the shore by swimming, having first divested himself of his clothes, with the exception of his shirt and pantaloons. The body of Miss Jordan was recovered, and has been conveyed to Boston, under the care of Mr. Partridge.

Hon. Daniel Webster and Judge William Kent were passengers from Boston on Wednesday, and were prevented taking passage in the Atlantic by the appearance of the weather. They arrived on the Long Island train, Saturday evening.

During the gale several steamers attempted to go to the assistance of the Atlantic, but the fury of the storm, and her dangerous proximity to the shore, prevented.—Much valuable property was thrown overboard to lighten the vessel.

The following is the most graphic account we have seen of the striking of the boat:—

About midnight she parted one of her cables, there being four out, one attached to thirty hundred weight of furnace bars and the other to anchors. After this the gale continued to increase, and now blew a perfect hurricane.

She was driven still nearer the shore, but passed a point that all expected she would strike upon. She then drifted about eleven miles more, making in all twenty-

two miles, which occupied about forty-eight hours of terrible uncertainty and suffering. She then struck, stern first, on a ledge of rocks on Fisher's Island, when a tremendous sea seemed to lift her up to the very top of the ledge; so far up, indeed, as almost to throw her over on to the other side. This was the crisis in the disaster; it was terrible and heart-rending in the extreme. In five minutes after she struck she was in pieces. In these five minutes at least one-half of those on board the Atlantic were taken from time into eternity. Some were drowned, some crushed, and some frozen to death. The screams, the crash, the roar of the sea, were dreadful.

There were six females, four children, and two infants among the passengers. All the females were drowned or crushed to death. Only one of the children was saved, and he, we learn was the only one saved of the family of which he was a member. His father, mother, married sister, and a younger sister, and two young brothers, were on board; all are dead. The poor little orphan thus saved, and thus thrown alone on the world, is only 12 years of age. The two infants were drowned, frozen, or crushed to death.

All this occurred at half-past four o'clock on Friday morning.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—OFFICIAL.

Counties.	GOVERNOR.		LIEUT. GOVERNOR.	
	Young.	Wright.	Fish.	Gardiner.
Albany.....	7,659	4,841	5,290	7,430
Allegany.....	2,919	2,324	2,780	2,584
Broome.....	2,337	2,341	2,321	2,362
Cayuga.....	4,328	3,730	4,224	3,944
Chenango.....	3,765	3,704	3,659	3,743
Cattaraugus.....	2,605	2,148	2,504	2,351
Columbia.....	4,204	3,318	2,709	4,843
Chemung.....	1,666	2,044	1,657	2,043
Chataque.....	4,516	2,703	4,493	2,707
Clinton.....	1,755	2,122	1,790	2,091
Cortland.....	2,090	2,062	2,076	2,067
Delaware.....	4,040	2,238	3,852	5,405
Dutchess.....	4,536	4,271	4,511	4,313
Erie.....	5,809	4,355	5,783	4,385
Essex.....	2,267	1,631	2,271	1,621
Franklin.....	1,305	1,580	1,309	1,574
Fulton.....	1,798	1,611	1,789	1,612
Genesee.....	2,879	1,468	2,851	1,481
Greene.....	2,734	2,467	2,662	2,811
Hamilton.....	93	218	95	215
Herkimer.....	2,593	3,240	2,500	3,388
Jefferson.....	4,793	5,295	4,732	5,465
Kings.....	4,247	4,940	4,500	4,871
Lewis.....	1,828	1,170	1,798	1,276
Livingston.....	3,779	2,330	3,733	2,430
Madison.....	3,045	2,868	3,007	2,937
Monroe.....	6,302	4,933	6,228	5,041
Montgomery.....	3,044	2,639	2,899	2,818
New York.....	17,419	22,564	18,515	21,955
Niagara.....	415		384	
Oneida.....	6,431	5,074	6,061	5,785
Onondaga.....	5,448	5,315	5,333	5,488
Ontario.....	3,803	3,004	3,824	3,003
Otsego.....	3,804	4,813	3,717	4,926
Orange.....	3,774	4,127	3,788	4,171
Oswego.....	3,201	3,497	3,203	3,491
Putnam.....	627	1,343	621	1,361
Queens.....	1,657	1,962	1,702	1,858
Richmond.....	6,241	4,398	5,236	5,549
Rockland.....	692	834	692	837
Saratoga.....	722	1,169	729	1,192
Schenectady.....	4,045	3,615	3,959	3,671
Schoharie.....	1,690	1,416	1,567	1,562
Seneca.....	3,048	2,370	1,456	4,086
Saratoga.....	2,012	2,131	2,015	2,147
Steuben.....	3,795	4,367	3,761	4,394
St. Lawrence.....	3,251	5,143	3,444	5,088
Suffolk.....	1,568	2,016	1,601	2,021
Sullivan.....	1,704	1,497	1,352	1,873
Tioga.....	1,629	1,927	1,622	1,943
Tompkins.....	3,153	3,009	3,147	3,052
Ulster.....	4,277	4,277	3,963	4,640
Washington.....	4,184	2,714	4,159	2,711
Wayne.....	3,324	3,317	3,291	3,356
Westchester.....	3,304	3,447	3,348	3,468
Warren.....	1,129	1,458	1,080	1,546
Yates.....	1,786	1,926	1,769	1,963

57 Co's.....	191,073	181,226	180,362	194,945
Wyoming, say..	1,014		say	1,014
Orleans ".....	238			238

Young's majority in the State, 11,099 Gardiner's in State, 13,331

The whole number of votes for the Whig and Democratic candidates, is about 385,000. At the last Presidential election, 470,070. Decrease 85,070.

NEW CONSTITUTION.—Fifty-six counties give 125,910 in favor of the new Constitution.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—Fifty-six counties give 136,430 against negro suffrage.

The War.—Our latest intelligence from the scene of War in Mexico, is the capture of Tampico, on the 20th of Nov., by the U. S. Squadron under Commodore Conner, without firing a gun! Tampico is an important post, and its capture increases the probability of a speedy cessation of hostilities. God grant that Peace may soon be restored.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER—ABOUT THIRTY LIVES LOST, AND TWENTY-FIVE OR THIRTY PERSONS SCALDED.

A slip from the New Orleans Picayune reports a terrible steamboat accident which occurred on the 21st Nov. about seven miles below Natchez, in the bend of the river, by which some twenty or thirty lives were lost, and a great number of persons were severely scalded.

The steamboat Sultana, bound down the river, came in contact with the steamboat Maria, bound up, striking her just forward of the wheel-house, and by the violence of the shock broke the connection-pipe of the Maria, by which between twenty-five and thirty deck hands and deck passengers were scalded, many of them so severely that there was no prospect of their recovery.

The Maria sunk to within about two feet of her cabin floor within five minutes after the collision, drowning between twenty-five and thirty persons who were on the lower deck. The cabin passengers were all saved.

The steamboat Talma, Capt. Hite, came down the river soon after the accident, and took on board the wounded and conveyed them back to Natchez, to be placed in the hospital. The Sultana remained by the side of the wreck till sunrise the next morning, rendering every assistance in their power. The Maria will be a total loss, it is thought. The bows of the S. were much injured.

A Horrible Murder was committed in Springfield, O., last week. The victim was Halsey L. Peck, a youth of 20; the suspected murderers Otho L. Davidson aged 23, and Joseph Lewis, 25. Intercourse with lewd women is the supposed cause of this tragedy.

The snow that fell on Wednesday has left passable sleighing. The canal is closed for the season. River navigation still remains open.

The steamer Niagara, which ran aground on the Hudson Flats last week, has been got off and is laid up for the winter here in the city. She is to be fitted up for next season in tip-top style, inferior to none of our magnificent steamboats.

THE ATLANTIC—MORE PARTICULARS.—The cold and dreary task of collating all the incidents relating to the direful calamity of the Atlantic is not yet over. Every mail, every boat, every train from the east brings some particle of intelligence to keep alive the painful and intense sympathies of the public. The morbid craving for news is for once satiated, but at a fearful expense of anguish and despair. The latest accounts give forty lives to the sea, which has cast as many dead bodies to the shore. All have been recognized but one, and there remains five of whom the waves have rendered no account.

—One sad tale has just been told us, that compresses as it were into a single point all the agony of the whole scene, and brings the incident nearer home to the heart than many columns of mere details. Mr. H. H. CUNNINGHAM, an extensive lace-broker, resided in this city with his wife, a young lady whom he had married here about a year and a half since, and an infant child. His business had called him to the East, and he wrote to his wife on Wednesday, saying that he intended to be at home on Friday at farthest, and might possibly return in time for Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday. He did not come, and the anxiety of his young wife was at length converted to a terrible certainty by the fatal news that he had embarked on the Atlantic and was among the dead. Still a kind of unnatural hope fed the wife's heart until yesterday, when a letter came to say that the body of her husband had been found, and buried at Norwich. She became for a time entirely insane; but her cruel consciousness returned to plunge her from madness to anguish and the very desolation of despair. Scarcely aware of what she did, and apparently forgetting even her child, she left town last evening to go to him. Alas! the pallid object of such tender solicitude is no more anything but frozen dust—caresses and tears cannot warm it back to life. It is but an icy monument which Death has carved to mock her love.—Tribune.

RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.

Nicholas, of Russia, has lately given a decision in a somewhat remarkable case, which does him great credit. A wealthy Russian General was betrothed to the beautiful daughter of a Polish nobleman near Warsaw, and finally married by a false priest. Two years after, he became tired of his unsuspecting wife and sent her away, informing her how cruelly she had been deceived. Her indignant father immediately brought an action, but of course lost it in all the Courts against the Russian general, till at length the sentence came before the Emperor, who decided as follows: As the general is not really married to his wife, the marriage is null and void, but as the wife has been most scandalously imposed upon, he is dismissed with the loss of his salary and his office, without having any claim to another appointment. His whole property is given to the lady whom he has so wantonly deceived, and he is not permitted ever to marry again.

MECHANIC'S MUTUAL PROTECTION.

The cause of Mechanic's Mutual Protection, must commend itself to the favorable consideration of every thinking man. It contains all the benevolent and charitable features of every other society combined, and in addition to these, its character for Mutual Protection, stands alone, superior to every other organization in the world! But we cannot give our reader a better idea of this society than by giving a place in our columns to the following circular containing OUR OBJECTS.

A more general diffusion of the principles and sciences governing Mechanics and the Arts, to elevate our brethren in their several callings, and thereby give to them the greatest proficiency in their several employments.

Extending to apprentices under our care a good education in all that pertains to their employments, that hereafter the Mechanic and Artist may be able to assume a better station in society than has yet been awarded to them.

By rendering to each other that mutual advice and assistance which we may need in our avocations, so far as we may do it without wrong to ourselves or families.

By a beneficial economy to provide against pecuniary distress during the sickness of its members, and to extend care and relief to their destitute families.

To furnish employment to the brethren who may need it, when possible, and to protect each other from the encroachments of wealth or power, which may combine against them, and to secure, as far as possible, remunerating wages for our employment.

To cultivate a proper understanding between the employer and the employed, thereby rendering mutual their interests, instead of the conflicting opposition they have so long and so much assumed.

MOTTO—*The Laborer is worthy of his Hire.*

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image to bow down unto them and serve them.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
4. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
5. Honor thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt not kill.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

MECHANICS M. P. DIRECTORY—OFFICERS OF THE GRAND CONVENTION OF M. M. P. U. S.—ANDREW HANNA, G. S. P. Utica, N. Y. G. J. WEBB, G. J. P., Buffalo. J. H. GROMMON, G. R. S., Buffalo. C. H. KIES, G. Installer, Buffalo. J. G. GILLESPIE, G. Treasurer, Troy. B. STEWART, G. J. P., Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICERS OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF M. M. P. S. N. Y.—J. G. GILLESPIE, G. P. Troy. JAS. S. HUYLER, Deputy G. P., corner Bleecker and Downing street, N. Y. S. FRANKS, G. Treas., South Troy. R. MACFARLANE, G. Sec., Albany.

DISTRICT GRAND PROTECTORS.—James Hopper, New York, Jas. S. Huyler, New York, John Tanner, Albany, J. S. Hilts, Schenectady, F. D. Corey, Utica, Samuel M. Morrison, Geneva, W. Fisher, Rochester, and Geo. W. Fisher, Lockport.

Any information wanted regarding Mechanic's Mutual Protections, can be obtained by communicating with the above named Officers. Petitions for Charters are to be sent to the District Protectors, and always to the nearest from where the communication is directed. Letters post paid.

PROTECTION No. 1, *Upper Lockport*—Meets on Friday evenings, Spalding's Block. John D. Courtier, S. P.; William Mack, J. P.; Benjamin F. Anthony, R. S.; Samuel Wright, F. S.; Samuel Cooper, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 2, *Rochester*—Meets Wednesday evenings, No. 4 Buffalo street. Hiram Wiser, S. P.; W. W. Dunbar, J. P.; Geo. Chamberlin, R. S.; Wm. Plant, F. S.; Isaac Van Kuren, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 3, *Utica*—Meets at Protection Hall, Genesee st. Henry Sanders, S. P.; Andrew Hanna, J. P.; Z. D. Stearns, R. S.; Geo. Kincaid, F. S.; Philip Thomas, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 4, *Schenectady*—Meets in Colonade Buildings, Wednesday evenings. Vincent Black-

burn, S. P.; Jefferson Wheelock, J. P.; Nicholas A. Vedder, R. S.; Levi Case, F. S.; Ernestus Putnam, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 5, *New York*—Meets Tuesday evenings, cor. First st. and Avenue A. Chas. Stewart, S. P.; John S. Day, J. P.; A. Kipp, R. S.; Nelson Sweeney, F. S.; Chas. Abbott, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 6, *Lower Lockport*—Meets Monday evening, Pettibone's block. Sam'l Bull, S. P.; Isaac Warren, J. P.; Hiram Mead, R. S.; John Craine, F. S.; Stephen Sult, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 9, *Waterloo*—Meets Friday evenings. A. H. Bacon, S. P.; Wm. S. Brooks, J. P.; Geo. A. Read, R. S.; S. W. Childs, F. S.; Chas. Sentell, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 10, *Troy*—Meets Wednesday evenings. J. G. Washburn, S. P.; J. B. Caught, J. P.; S. P. Birdsall, R. S.; G. Van Gaasbeck, F. S.

PROTECTION No. 11, *New York*—Meets Wednesday evenings, at corner of Cottage Place and Bleecker st. Jas. Rutherford, S. P.; Henry Holmes, J. P.; Geo. West, R. S.; B. M. Fowler, F. S.; John Lowe, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 12, *New York*—Meets Monday evenings, sixteenth st., between 7th and 8th Avenue. Francis Cook, S. P.; Wm. Hayden, J. P.; Francis Young, R. S.; Albert A. Rice, F. S.; Garret G. Benson, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 13, *Batavia*—Meets Monday evenings. Jas. D. Chicester, S. P.; A. Joslyn, J. P.; Thomas Yates, R. S.; Chas. T. Buxton, F. S.; H. McCormick, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 14, *Geneva*—Meets in Seneca st., Thursday evenings. Henry A. Hall, S. P.; M. C. Wright, J. P.; G. J. Anderson, R. S.; C. T. Coddington, F. S.; W. W. Greene, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 15, *South Troy*—Meets Saturday evenings. Jeremiah Levake, S. P.; Philip Hogle, J. P.; Chas. Bailie, R. S.; Chas. Rodgers, F. S.; Sam'l W. French, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 16, *Buffalo*—Meets Monday evenings, at Protection Hall. John P. Hall, S. P.; John S. Putnam, J. P.; Andrew Aiken, R. S.; Edgar Hull, F. S.; Chas. Armstrong, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 17, *Medina*. S. F. Grommon, S. P.; Wm. Brown, J. P.; Simeon Downs, R. S.; C. C. Ross, F. S.; J. M. Harlow, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 18, *New York*—Meets Monday evenings, Allen street, Excelsior Hall. Daniel D. Baker, S. P.; Edwin Griffin, J. P.; Thos. Boyne, R. S.; Simon Crockett, F. S.; Joseph Mitchell, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 19, *New York*—Meets Monday evenings, corner of Cottage Place and Bleecker street. David Henry, S. P.; John Keyser, J. P.; W. F. Bennett, R. S.; A. J. Trumbull, F. S.; Samuel F. Brown, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 20, *Frankfort*—Meets—Officers not returned.

PROTECTION No. 21, *Albany*—Meets Friday evenings, in Commercial Building. Peter Putnam, S. P.; Joel Munsell, J. P.; W. Chase, R. S.; S. Gibbs, F. S.; Thomas Johns, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 22, *Albany*—Meets Monday evenings, in Commercial Buildings, Broadway. R. Macfarlane, S. P.; W. Marsh, J. P.; H. Merriman, R. S.; B. J. Van Benthuyzen, F. S.; A. W. Gates, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 24, *Auburn*—Meets Monday evenings. J. L. Grant, S. P.; J. Hamilton, J. P.; S. D. Rockwell, R. S.; A. Olcott, F. S.; J. Gilbert, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 25, *Buffalo late Grand Protection, U. S.*—Meets—J. P. Wheeler, S. P.; S. D. Gould, J. P.; Chas. Root, R. S.; Hugh Wheeler, F. S.; S. F. Barton, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 26, *Ithaca*—Meets Tuesday evenings at No. 45 Owego street. W. C. Curran, S. P.; S. A. Holmes, J. P.; A. E. Barnaby, R. S.; J. K. Selkreg, F. S.; Clark Hammond, Treas.; George Hyatt, P.; H. Darrow, I. P.; Robert Renney, O. P.

PROTECTION No. 27, *Cunandaigua*—Meets—B. H. Ackley, S. P.; Stephen Briggs, J. P.; Jacob Downing, R. S.; A. G. Granger, F. S.; Chas. Coy, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 28, *New York*—Meets—Jas. McDonald, S. P.; Peter Byrne, J. P.; Gurden Williams, R. S.; Wm. Whitehill, F. S.; Alex. Graham, Treas.

PROTECTION No. 29, *Pen Yan*—Meets—Alfred Reed, S. P.; J. H. Gallagher, J. P.; W. M. Pachen, R. S.; David Hughes, F. S.; C. Walcott, Treas.

HENRY R. HOFFMAN, Book-Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer, No. 71 State street (up stairs), Albany. Plain and Fancy Binding executed in the first style of the art. Blank Books manufactured to any patron. d3

BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 3 Delavan House, Broadway, Albany.—The subscriber having removed his Boot and Shoe Store from North Pearl street to the above place, is now ready to execute all orders with which he may be favored. [d3] DAVID D. RAMSAY.

NEW YORK MARKET.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, December 1—8 P. M.

ASHES—Pearls are nominal by \$5 75; pots sold at a trifle off \$5. Some of the Montreal pots sold over \$5.

FLOUR—Mixed Genesee and Western sold in store at \$5 31½, pure Genesee in store at \$5 37½. Michigan and Ohio afloat, \$5 25. Some sales reported as low as \$5 12½. Aggregate sales 8,000a10,000 brls., mostly for export.—The supplies on the dock and afloat estimated at 100,000 brls. Large parcels going into store. Corn meal \$3 94, with small sales. Rye flour \$3 75, nominally.

GRAIN—White wheat is in good request, nothing doing; shippers offer 115c. for pure Genesee, but holders are above this. Sales 1,800 bu. southern corn at 61½c.; 3,500 do. damaged at 57c. Sales 16,000 bu. rye at 76½c. in the slip, and 79c. delivered. Oats 38a39c. for canal; 36a37½c. for river. Barley dull. Northern beans at 112½c. and peas at 87a112c.

SEEDS—Sales 25 tierces Pennsylvania clover at 6½c. per lb.; sales of flax to some extent at 128a130c. for Philadelphia for crushing. Sales 12,000 lbs. western at 8c. cash.

TALLOW—Sales 50,000 lbs., part country, at 8c. cash for export.

OILS—Sales 80 brls. lard at 44c. cash.

NAVAL STORES—Sales 100 brls. spirits turpentine at 50c. cash.

LEAD—Sales 1000 pigs at \$4 50 cash, which is in advance, under the new tariff.

GROCERIES—Sales bunch raisins at 150c. per box, which is a decline of 20c.

PROVISIONS—About 300 brls. mess pork sold at \$9 12½, and perhaps a trifle off. Prime nominally \$8. Sales 70 brls. beef hams at 5c.; 160 brls. pickled hams at 6½c. and a lot of shoulders at 4½c. Western dairy butter 13a 16c. Cheese 7a7½c. for good in casks and boxes. 150 brls. new beef sold at \$5 87½ and \$7 87½.

FEATHERS—Sales 5000 lbs. prime at \$30a32c.

FREIGHTS are moderately active at 4s. 9d. for flour, and 15½d. for grain.

EXCHANGES quiet, the steamer being off.

STOCKS rather active, and Norwich improved in feeling; Harlem 50½, Norwich 51½, L. Island 25½, Erie 57, Reading 63½, Canton 26½, Vicksburg 6½, Morris 5½, Ohio 93, Pennsylvania 68½.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Reported by our Reporter.

At market, 1450 beef cattle (about 200 from the South), 80 cows and calves, 3000 sheep and lambs.

Beef Cattle—There has been a fair business doing during the week, at prices fully equal to those quoted in our last report—\$1 50 to \$6 75—which we give as the prices now current for good retailing qualities. About 300 unsold.

Sheep and Lambs are in moderate demand at steady prices. Sheep, \$1, \$2 50, to \$4; Lambs, 75 cents, \$1 50 to 2 50, 500 left over.

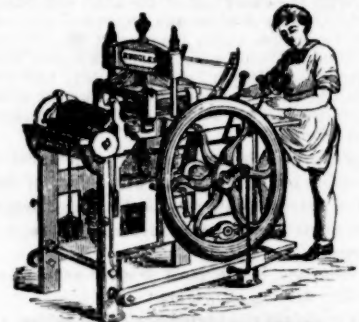
Cows and Calves are plentier, and command better prices, which range, as in quality, from \$20, \$25 to \$40.

Hay and Straw—The recent rain storms having kept back supplies from the country, prices of loose hay in consequence have improved, and sales from the wagons are making at 60a70c. per cwt. for Timothy and Clover seed. North River bale is worth 40a45 cents. Straw brings \$2 50 the 100 bundles.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The subscriber has opened a Boot and Shoe Store at No. 3 Delavan House, Broadway, where he intends to make to order first rate Boots and Shoes; and will warrant them to fit as well, if not better, than those of any other shop in the city. He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine his stock, assuring them that no pains will be spared to give them entire satisfaction.

The subscriber has just returned from New York with a choice selection of manufactured Boots and Shoes, which he thinks will be found on trial a choice article. d3 D. D. RAMSAY.

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